

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1902.



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MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL—In every letter that you write us, never fail to give your full address plainly written, name, post-office, county and State.

## HOW HE MADE AN ENEMY.

Old Gentleman Tells of Perfidy of a Former Friend.

"Yes," said the old man, "Smith was my bosom friend when we were boys at school, but he became my worst enemy. We sat on the same form, ate together, slept together, and shared each other's joys and sorrows. 'When we grew older our parents sent us to the university together, where our friendship, if possible, grew stronger. We took our degrees together, and, to preserve the friendship of our boyhood days, went into partnership.

"We were more than brothers and were always together, and it was while attending a social party that we both met and fell in love with the same girl.

"Our rivalry was a friendly one, and for some time none could tell which was the favored one. One night my chum came to me in his old friendly way and said:—

"John, I can see that if I should prove the winner you would suffer deeply, therefore I have decided to turn over my interest in the business to you and leave for some new country."

"Of course, I endeavored to persuade him not to go, but he persisted and carried out his plan. He went to Australia, and in three months I married the girl."

"But how did Smith become your enemy?" inquired one of the listeners. "By not letting me go to Australia instead," snapped the old man; and they all understood.

## Education for Hangmen.

England has a school for the education of hangmen. This latest adjunct to civilization in Great Britain was established as the result of bungling work by executioners during the last few months.

The work of a hangman is light and the pay high, so there are already a number of pupils at the school which is in London. A session there is an interesting sight. One of the pupils acts as the subject, the attendants taking turns playing the role of the condemned. Hanging consists not merely in placing a man over a trap door and launching him into space by releasing a bolt. There are various nice preliminaries to be gone through. First the condemned must be artistically plumed. Then he must be supported on his way to the scaffold in order to avoid painful scenes. After that there is the rope to be adjusted quickly and without fumbling, in order that the agony may not be prolonged on the scaffold. The rope must be strong enough to bear the weight of the condemned, but not so thick as to slowly choke the condemned to death.

Watch for a town, Congress Heights, D. C.

## Used Sparrows for Food.

The inhabitants of the Square of Vaugrard, Paris, noticed for some time past a young man who was evidently in the last state of poverty, but who shared his meal of bread each day with the sparrows. After some time the birds got to know him, and descended in flocks the moment he appeared. The residents in the square took great interest in the proceedings, which they regarded as a touching evidence of humanity under a ragged shirt. Unfortunately for the young man, one more curious than the rest watched him closely, and observed that when the sparrows came to feed out of his hand they were transferred to his pockets. When arrested the young man said that he cooked and ate the sparrows because of his inability of getting food otherwise.

## An Up-to-Date Child.

It was in a photographer's studio, and a lady called and stated that she wished to have her child's portrait taken.

"Certainly, madam," said the photographer. "This is the little man, is it? Coo-roo. Bless 'im, little tootsie-wootsie. Dear 'ickle fellow."

"Mother," said the up-to-date child in a voice of scorn, "will you kindly inform me whether the deplorable condition of this person is due to lack of education or hereditary insanity? Kindly proceed, sir, and make as creditable a likeness as lies within your apparently limited capacities."

## DIDN'T USE NEWSPAPERS.

Why Buffalo's Big Fair Was a Financial Failure.

W. J. Conners, editor and proprietor of the Buffalo Courier, and the Enquirer makes the direct charge that the financial failure of the Pan-American Exposition was due to lack of management in the bureau of publicity.

Mr. Conners is one of the Buffalo newspaper owners who contributed large sums to the enterprise. He has been spending some time on a trip in the Northwest, and on returning to Chicago the other day gave out an interview to a reporter of the Chronicle of that city.

Editor Conners' object in calling attention to the matter at this time is to give the bureau of publicity of the St. Louis Exposition timely warning against wasting money on billboards and other useless forms of publicity. He says if the management will spend \$1,000,000 in newspaper advertising it can be made the greatest success of the age.

Referring to the Pan-American Exposition, Mr. Conners said:

Over half a million dollars showed on the expense account of the publicity bureau of the fair, and it was supposed to have been spent principally with newspapers. It has been found, however, that less than \$30,000 was devoted to newspaper advertising.

I do not care to be quoted as saying that there was a big "graft" in that department of the fair, but it has been more than hinted at in Buffalo, and the investigation which was made did not result in a satisfactory accounting for the big sum of money. The very poorest kind of advertising resources were utilized and mediaeval methods were resorted to.

I do not wish to be understood as making these statements because of any personal feeling I have in the matter or for the reason that I lost time and a great deal of money myself. I am glad to call attention to the facts for the reason that St. Louis is going to have a world's fair in which I am to an extent interested, and which will prove an ignominious failure unless the right methods are used in advertising it all over the world.

If Pan-American tactics are observed it will be a lamentable and disgraceful failure. Billboards, railroad time tables and magazine write-ups, which everybody can recognize as having been paid for, are old methods and they are very poor when it comes to getting the crowds.

The secret of success is to use the newspapers. There are about \$5,000,000 people in the United States. Statistics show that ninety per cent. of them can read English and that eighty-five per cent. of the ninety per cent. read the daily newspapers.

If the St. Louis people will make an appropriation of \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 and will spend it in newspapers they will be able to make the greatest success of the fair that has yet been achieved by any world's fair enterprise. It is the modern way and the only way that will do the business.

Some men may say my statements are natural for me to make because I am a publisher myself. I can see why they should believe me prejudiced, but I am very far from it.

That fair can be crowded and St. Louis will be unable to accommodate the crowds if these tactics are used. Why, on a big bargain day in Chicago is a certain big department store crowded? Simply because some clever advertising man has written a catchy page advertisement for the papers. Women will tell you.

There were few newspaper men on the bureau of publicity of the Pan-American, and the men who had charge of the expenditure of the great sum simply misused and misappropriated it for the wrong purposes.

## Elble in Four New Tongues

Four hitherto unknown tongues—so far as print is concerned—are now being added to the list of languages in which the British and Foreign Bible Society prints the gospels, and of these three are for the benefit of subjects of His Majesty. The New Testament is to be turned into Nyanja, for the tribes of the Shire River bank, Nyassaland, and in this work the Livingstonia mission of the United Free Church of Scotland, the Biantyre Mission of the Established Church of Scotland and the Myera Mission of the Dutch Reformed Church are collaborating. A version in Yalunka is nearly ready for natives of the Fala district of Sierra Leone, and in Bugotu for the inhabitants of Ysabel Island—one of the Solomon group. Lastly, a translation into Visayan, spoken by some 2,000,000 persons in the Philippine archipelago, is being undertaken. All are enterprises of great interest to philologists.—London Telegraph.

## The Gold of Siberia.

It is the belief of miners on the Pacific Coast that Siberia will add materially to the world's stock of gold in the next few years. The departure of a company of 100 American miners to prospect along the coast of the territory of Russia is looked upon, therefore, as the beginning of important developments. This will be one of the best organized prospecting companies ever sent out to search for the precious metal. One hundred men well backed with supplies will be able to cover a large amount of territory in a short time. Their work will be made doubly effective by their experience at Nome and on the Klondike, where conditions are supposed to be much the same as in Siberia.—Nebraska State Journal.

Swiss postal officials are to be employed to assist in the reorganization of the Japanese postoffice. The Swiss postal system is to be taken as a model.



A physician in Switzerland who has been studying the recurrence of contagious diseases, reports the cases of three persons who have been attacked seven times each by measles.

It has been discovered that at least 50,000 horse power is going to waste in the streams near Naples, and capitalists are planning to utilize it in the production of electric power in the city.

The demand for pens and pencils continues large, in spite of the fact that the typewriting machine has come into universal use. Statistics show that one gold pen, ten steel pens and fifteen lead pencils are made a year for every family of five persons.

A firm in New York has just contracted for \$1,000,000 worth of French automobiles. This is only one of the evidences of the rapid and widespread extension of the use of the vehicle. The cost has been materially reduced, and families that formerly kept a horse and carriage now find the automobile less expensive.

People that live on the Isthmus of Panama boast that they are the only inhabitants of the two American continents that see the sun rise in the Pacific and set in the Atlantic. This is true during the season of the year when the sun is farthest south, for the isthmus curves in such a way that the sun then comes up over the Pacific waters in Panama Bay, and goes down over the Caribbean Sea, which is a part of the Atlantic.

Experiments were lately made in the Zoological Garden at Chicago to see what effect violin playing would have on the different animals. The behavior of the coyotes was specially interesting. While the music was played they squatted in a semi-circle and kept perfectly silent and quiet; when it ceased they ran up to the bars and pawed at the player. When he began again they sat in a semi-circle as before. The experiment was repeated several times, always with the same result.

According to the London Times cold water has been thrown by the United States Department of Agriculture upon the proposal emanating from a French source to revive the so-called science of euphorimetry—defined as the art of measuring the fertility of the soil. The idea of the scheme apparently is to manure different sections of a field with increasing quantities of a given fertilizer, and then construct a probable scale from the relative amount of crop produced. The great uncertainty of weather conditions would be one serious bar to the value of such a limited scale.

## Mashonas and Marbles.

So far as work is concerned the laziness of the Mashona is proverbial, says the Westminster Gazette. But anything in the nature of play he enters into with zest. For some time the natives in and around Salisbury, Rhodesia, shocked the civilized inhabitants by riding, in a semi-nude state, bicycles along the public streets. The novelty of cycling, however, appears to have worn off. Their latest craze is marbles as the game is played by the small white boys in that part of the colony. Exception to so innocent an amusement could not be taken if the dusky players acquired the playthings honestly. To gratify their new taste they are pilloining and destroying scores of patent bottles containing lemonade and soda water in order to obtain the glass marbles therein.

## "Dictating" Sore Throat.

Dictating sore throat is an affection of the vocal chords that business men get from the odd, strained, high voices that they use in dictating to their stenographers. "I don't know why it is," a physician said, "but nearly every man, when he dictates, puts his natural, easy voice aside, and uses a high-pitched, feverish note that plays the very deuce with the vocal chords as it grates over them. A man with big interests will dictate over 100 letters a day at times. His throat is so sore when he is done that he has to take some oleaginuous and soothing medicine. The disease is distinctly a modern one, a sign of these complex modern times, and it has been called, for want of a better name, dictating sore throat. The only cure for it is to teach men to dictate in their natural voices (a thing that seems to be impossible), or to compel them to cease dictating altogether."—Philadelphia Record.

## Making a Waterfall.

An interesting work of creating a waterfall for the purpose of supplying power is now being carried on at the headwaters of the Little Blackfoot River, about thirty miles west of Helena, Mont. Miles of dunes and ditches are being constructed, by means of which a number of small streams are being brought together and carried five miles to the mouth of Elk Creek over a precipice of 500 feet. Here a power plant will be erected, and it is calculated that there will be 1600 horse power available. The current generated will be transmitted a distance of ten miles to Porphyry Dike mines, at the summit of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, where there is one of the largest deposits of free-milling gold to be found in this country. The work is being done by a syndicate of St. Louis capitalists, and the active work has been in progress for two years, and is now rapidly reaching a state of completion.—Scientific American.

## THE OLD HERB GATHERER.

Stiff-jointed wrinkled, old and wan.  
Once fair, perhaps; ah me, who knows!  
Gliding graceful as a swan,  
Breaking hearts. Ah, me, who knows!

Her husband died long years ago;  
Does she still mourn? Ah, me, who knows!  
Three children—headstones in a row—  
Has time killed grief? Ah, me, who knows!

In summer, she roams o'er the hills,  
Light heart or heavy? Ah, me, who knows!  
She gathers herbs to cure all ills;  
Can aught cure heartache? Ah, me, who knows!

Do acent of flowers and song of birds  
Bring comfort to her? Ah, me, who knows!  
Silent and chary of her words—  
If depths are stirred, Ah, me, who knows!  
—Boston Transcript.



She—"I knew you would propose to me to-night." He—"Why?" She—"I saw the moon over my left shoulder."

—Life.

"He made her an offer of his hand." "Did she accept?" "No. There wasn't enough in it."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

It matters but little if a prophet is without honor in his own country provided he can afford to go abroad.—Chicago News.

Wagg—"A woman can generally be depended upon to hit the nail upon the head." Wagg—"Yes; if she doesn't hit the nail on the finger."

"But has he ever done anything useful?" "You bet he has. He is the man who invented the new stroke in polo."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In every prosperous era  
Some disappointments lurk.  
I'd rather talk about hard times  
Than have to go to work.  
—Washington Star.

Miss de Muir—"He says his salary is not sufficient to get married on." Mother—"Ah! Such a sensible young man as that ought to get married."—Puck.

Mrs. Subbubs—"Mrs. B. Jones returned my call to-day." Mr. Subbubs—"I wish Mr. B. Jones would be equally thoughtful and return my lawn mower."

"How much of a family have you, Mr. Bullyun?" "Four daughters and a son-in-law. Br-r-r!" snarled the gruff old captain of industry.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Henry—"I do wish we had an encyclopedia, Amelia." "Well, I don't. If we had one, Henry, you'd get full of information and be duller than you are now."—Life.

The world is round, and that's no lie,  
But, really, I declare,  
That's hardly any reason why  
We should not all be square.  
—Philadelphia Record.

"Yes, I'm encouraging my daughter to keep company with that Arctic explorer." "What's the reason?" "He'll be able to stand it in the parlor without any fire next winter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I shall sweep everything before me in this campaign," said the unscrupulous politician. "I see," said his wife; "that explains what that rude fellow meant by saying you were out for the dust."—Washington Star.

"Honesty, my son," said the millionaire Congressman, "is the best policy." "Well, perhaps it is, dad," replied the youthful philosopher, "but it strikes me you have done pretty well, nevertheless."—Chicago Daily News.

Girl With the Gibson Girl Neck—"And you've been to prayer meeting? That must have seemed strange after being three weeks at a summer resort." Girl With the Julia Marlowe Dimple—"No; it reminded me very much of the summer resort. There were no mer there."—Chicago Tribune.

## Head-Dress of the Fijians.

The Fijians are a stalwart race; very tall and muscular, for the most part their skins soft as velvet from anointing with coconut oil, their countenances strong and in most cases pleasing, rather than forbidding. A thing that at once impresses the visitor is the varied and striking manner in which both men and women—the former especially—arrange their hair. Here a man is seen whose pate seems covered with a thick coating of whitewash; there another, whose locks, radiating in every direction from his skull as if they were electrified, could hardly be inserted in a bushel basket. The former state is but a preliminary to the second. The natives plaster their hair with a kind of paste made of powdered coral mixed with water, which, after hardening and then broken up, stiffens the hair and bleaches it from its natural black to odd shades of red and dull yellow—thus producing strange effects in combination with the dark brown skins of the people.

## The Woodcock.

The food of the woodcock consists of worms, leeches and grubs, which the bird seeks by probing with its bill the earth of such swamps as contain them. There are miles and miles of wet swamp lands among our hills where the soil, composed of peat and decayed leaf mold, is too cold and sour to hold worms; into such swamps the woodcock never goes. The best woodcock ground is along the banks of woodland brooks, that wind in and out through alder swamps, where the rich black mold is soft and full of worms, and where the skunk cabbage and belladonna grows thick and broad leaved. Such places are the woodcock's dining rooms, and in them he leaves his sign manual, the oblong almost triangular holes which dot each and every square foot of earth where a worm might possibly worm.—Outing.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

WM. H. ERNEST,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

## Standard Flower Pots,

Jugs, Milk Pots, Butter Pans, Jars, Pitchers, Stew Pans, Milk Pans, Spittoons, Bean Pots, Churns, Pickins, Stove Pipe Pots, Flower Pot Saucers and Fern Pans.

25th and M Streets, N. E.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## GUSTAVE HARTIG,

...DEALER IN...

## Builders' and Coach Hardware,

BAR IRON, STEEL, BLACKSMITH'S SUPPLIES, &amp;C.

WEATHER STRIP, from 1 cent a foot up.

A \$30,000 stock of Hardware to select from.

TELEPHONE 1317.

509 and 511 H Street N. E.

## WAS IT A NEW EXPERIENCE?

Tale of a Strange Happening to Party of Literary Men.

Sir Wemyss Reid's new biography on William Black, the novelist, recalls an amusing story of Black's visit to America which has never before appeared in print. It concerns Mr. Black and three literary men, who, as they are still living, we shall designate as Messrs. A., B. and C. It seems that Black and this interesting trio were having a quiet afternoon at poker, into the mysteries of which Black desired to be initiated. An accompaniment to the game, merely for purposes of accuracy in local color, was a bottle of fine old whisky, which Black had provided, with pride in its high merit. This bottle now becomes at once the hero and villain of the story; for it was so old, and had so long been undisturbed that the fusel-oil had collected at the top in deadly strength. All of the party drank lightly, but the consequences were so unfortunate that one of the literary gentlemen retired and went to bed, and another, a very abstemious man, ascended the staircase of his own home on his hands and knees, and when his astounded wife inquired what was the matter, amiably replied, "M'dear, I wish they wouldn't take the banisters off the stairs. Why do they do it, m'dear?" When the four friends met later and compared notes, their experiences were found to be singularly alike, and the trouble being explained, Black laughingly apologized for his unintentionally dangerous hospitality.

## A 40,000-Acre Farm.

The agriculturist who carefully cultivated 40 or 60 or 80 acres and calls it a farm is likely to look upon a "quarter section"—the regulation homestead of 160 acres—as a large estate; an entire section (a mile square) he would doubtless regard it as a tremendous area, and a half dozen sections would seem like a whole province. What would such a man think of a farm on which 100 to 150 men are employed; a farm whose farthest corner is 17 miles from the farm house; a farm that requires three bookkeepers and stenographers to make a record of its activity.

That is the scale on which M. M. Sherman conducts his farm in central Kansas. He has more than 40,000 acres. Every year he sells more than 2,500 fat hives. If a man were to start to ride around his farm on horseback, following the fence line and riding 50 miles a day, he would not make the circuit in two days.

## Authentic Ghost Story.

Eighteen months ago a well-known man died in London, and a few days after his death a London journalist declared that he had just seen the decedent in a London club and had, moreover, spoken to him. Andrew Lang once met somebody in the street whom he took for a well-known university man. He spoke to him, shook hands with him and left him, and the next day he was startled to learn that at the very moment when he was speaking to the gentleman in the street his university friend was dying more than a hundred miles away.

You'll find everything  
on the SQUARE  
at the

## Triangle House

15th and H Sts., N. E.

H. J. SENAY, Proprietor.

Cars on the Columbia line stop almost in front of the door and transfer tickets either way are good for 15 minutes, to enable passengers to get refreshments and a free lunch at Senay's well stocked bar.

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All orders promptly attended to.



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BIRD MANNA!

The great secret of the Canary Breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird Manna will restore the song of cage birds, prevent their ailments, and bring them back to good health. It given during the season of shedding feathers it will carry the little musician through this critical period without the loss of song. Sold by druggists & bird dealers. Priced for 15c.

In order to bring out the song of the feathered warbler almost immediately, mix a few drops of the Phila. Bird Food Co's BIRD BITTERS in the bird's drinking water. These Bitters will infuse new life and vitality into the household pet. Their magical effects are produced in a few minutes. Sold by druggists. Priced for 25c.

The BIRD HAND BOOK. A handy volume of 120 Pages, of 120 Pages, beautifully illustrated, describing Cage Birds and domestic Pets of all kinds. Diseases of birds, loss of song, mode of feeding, etc. are accurately described. Priced on receipt of 15c. in stamps. Delivered free to any one sending us the addresses of 25 ladies who are interested in Cage Birds. THE PHILADELPHIA BIRD FOOD CO., 400 North 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## American Laundry,

801 H St., N. E. Cor. 8th.

Open until 10 P. M. Saturdays,

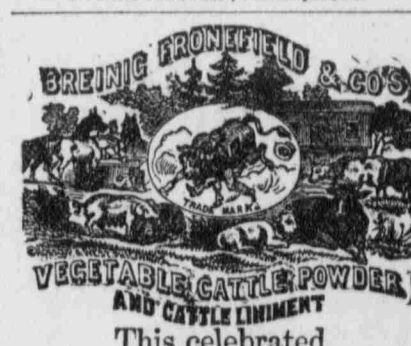
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FOLLOW THE USE OF THE GREAT INDIAN REMEDY  
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HERBS OF JOY.

They banish LIVER COMPLAINT, RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, MALARIA, ASTHMA, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, &c. One box makes one quart of medicine. Delivered by mail for 25c. or five boxes for \$1.00. Agents Wanted. DR. P. C. SANDERSON, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



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Farmer, Horseman  
and Dairyman as a  
MOST RELIABLE CURE

for all ordinary diseases to which HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP or HOGS are subject. At the same time it keeps them in a naturally Healthy and Thrifty Condition, positively making an  
INCREASE OF MILK AND BUTTER,  
—the latter from ONE to TWO POUNDS PER WEEK,—or aiding the fattening process in stock 20 to 25 per cent. It does this in the natural way, without the least injury to the Animal.

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